

Items General and Personal, Of Interest to G. P. O. Workers

The funeral services over the remains of Edward H. Thomas, at Lee's chapel, 234 Pennsylvania avenue, Friday afternoon, were, according to his wishes, conducted entirely by members of his craft, and consisted of eulogies by Philip S. Steele, Frank A. Kidd, and George C. Belmont, and the singing of "Abide With Me" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by Thomas C. Jones, John A. Purvis, Benjamin A. Lineback, and Charles W. Bridwell. The attendance was the full capacity of the chapel, and the floral tributes were numerous and handsome. The interment was at Rock Creek Cemetery, the pallbearers being Frank A. Kidd, Charles C. Thompson, Joseph A. Johnston, H. J. Redfield, E. J. Hall, and H. B. Goodrich. Ed. Thomas, who had been an employee of the G. P. O. for forty years, came of a family of printers. His father published the Church Advocate at Middletown, Pa., for many years, and at that office at least four of the sons learned the printing trade. His son John, who died a few years ago, was chief reviser on the Congressional Record for many years. During all the years of his membership Mr. Thomas was energetic in the work of Columbia Typographical Union, serving in many capacities, and was one of the delegation sent to the Cincinnati convention in 1883, where he was largely instrumental in having one of his colleagues elected secretary-treasurer. He was a man of strong convictions, firm and staunch in his friendships, a good husband, a kind father, and his widow and her son have the sincere sympathy of a host of friends in their great loss.

Ben Spellbring, bookbinder delegate, speaks in the highest terms of the entertainment by the local union at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and says there is a law, strictly enforced, closing the saloons at 5:30 p. m.

A member of the document chapel, who is almost a fanatic in his opposition to prize fighting, was greatly surprised recently at receiving an invitation, signed "Jack Johnson," to attend the affair at Reno on July 4.

Gustaf R. L. Dahlberg has received a well-earned promotion by his transfer from the counting to the supply division.

Corrector John Luitich, who has been doing duty in the night press division, has been transferred to day composing division.

Congress over and away, the intermediate press force and a number from the regular night force were transferred to day duty yesterday morning.

Reviser Massey, of the intermediate force, has been assigned to his old position as day press corrector, relieving Andy Parker, who returns to mono room.

Mr. and Mrs. Poos, of Brentwood, Md., entertained a large number of the press division on Thursday of the past week in their palatial suburban residence. "Good old-time Maryland hospitality" was the voice of each and every one on the return home in the wee sma' hours.

Rather than ride on a "going-up" elevator a few mornings since with an employee wearing a heavy winter overcoat, one of the Indians from Foreman Bowen's reservation preferred to climb the six flights of the "golden stairway." We don't blame him.

When Bill Kennedy, the famous hobo bookbinder, received notice of his appointment to a position in the G. P. O., he was occupying self quarters in one of the parks of Chicago—then the hobo bookbinder was not looking for the Public Printer requesting thirty days time before he should report here, saying he thought it no more than justice to give his employer that much notice, to which he received reply complimenting him on his consideration for his employer, and granting his extension—while Bill says was lucky for him, as it took him twenty-six days to get here.

William M. Leavitt, in charge of the "Y" for several years, has been granted thirty days leave, which he will spend in his delightful cottage at Blodgett's Landing, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Maker-up Lloyd, of the "Y" aggregation, document section, has been granted eighteen days' leave.

Comrade William McFarlane, the veteran imposer of the document section, having been granted all leave due, will pass his much-needed vacation at Ocean City, Md.

Compositor George E. Clark, of the document section, has been granted fifteen days' leave.

Newell B. Garrett, of Waycross, Ga., elder brother of the late Garrett, of the document section, and his two sons were office visitors on Thursday. The father is foreman of the extensive Plant system in Waycross, while the young men are employed herein.

An additional detail to the job room from the document section during the week included Compositors Taylor Bradlock, William O. Smith, Levi Huber, John C. Reddy, Joseph B. O'Neal, S. H. Leclair, and A. R. Lindsey.

James Greenwood and Daniel Miller reported for work upon the expiration of their "old" leave, the last day of the "physical" year.

Charles W. Henry, of the document section, reported for work on Thursday, after ten days' sickness.

Compositors Latham, Pate, and Jones, of the document section, are on the sick list.

William Rountree returned to the office on Friday, looking much improved after his absence on leave.

Pressman John Cunningham has returned to his duties after a severe illness of some two weeks' duration.

Pressman Ferris is absent on account of illness.

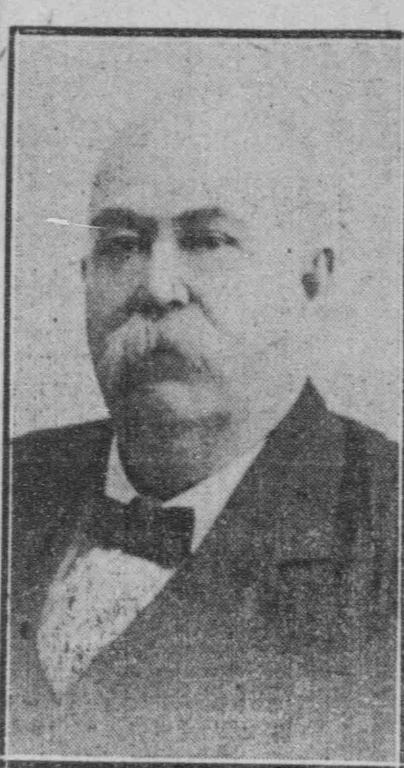
Pressman Bretzfelder, delegate to the I. P. U., has returned to the office, and reports several stormy sessions of that body.

The champion drill team of the Odd Fellows, under the leadership of Capt. D. V. Chisholm, will be a feature of G. P. O. Council excursion July 23.

Wallace Christian, the genial and popular timekeeper of the press division, has returned from his annual leave, looking much improved, after a well-earned rest.

A large number of the lady members of the G. P. O. are taking advantage of the extra holiday for a short trip to Atlantic City, Colonial Beach, Norfolk, etc.

Frank Roderick has received several communications from Frank E. Buckland, dated from points in Montenegro, with which country he says he is delighted, the scenery being the most wonderful of any he has ever visited, and the people very interesting.



WILLIAM H. BAILEY.
Fifty years a union printer.

William H. Bailey celebrated his seventieth anniversary on June 28 at his residence, 114 1/2 Street northeast, with a reception to his friends and relatives. He was the recipient of numerous presents from the members of his Grand Army Post and others, the presentation being made by Comrade Samuel R. Stratton, who recalled many of the good deeds of the veteran, both as a soldier and citizen, and paid a high tribute to his character. There was an enjoyable programme of vocal and instrumental music, and Mrs. Bailey furnished refreshments, both liquid and solid, ample and appropriate for the occasion. The guests included Mrs. John Hilberg, Mrs. May Ryan, and Mrs. May Boss, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Mayne Murphy, of Jersey City; Mr. and Mrs. John O'Keefe, Mrs. Mary O'Keefe, and Miss Jennie O'Keefe, of Hoboken, N. J.; Miss Alice Walworth, Richard Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Russell, and Messrs. James E. West, J. W. Clark, J. E. Briggs, Percy Lowd, George Furbushaw, William Huff, and others. William H. Bailey was born at Albany, N. Y., June 28, 1840. He joined the Columbia Typographical Union in 1853. Enlisted in the army in 1861 at Cincinnati, and served until 1864. Elected secretary of Chicago Union in 1865. He went to New York in 1869, and was prominent in union affairs of that city, until 1883, in 1888 being assistant grand marshal of the first Labor day parade. He came to Washington in 1894 and has been connected with the G. P. O. since that time, now holding a position in the monotype section. He is a member of John R. Rawlins Post, G. A. R., and every one who knows him has the highest regard for Bill Bailey.

Section Chief Callahan, press division, is absent on leave. During his absence Thomas Ryan is acting chief.

A pleasing feature of the meeting of Phil Sheridan Post, G. A. R. on Friday last was the presentation of the emblem of the order to Arthur Small.

Of the first batch of leave-takers from the keyboard room, Jesse Clark will go to Boston, Portland, Me., Boothbay Harbor, and St. Johns, N. B.; Force Engel will visit his folks at Amsterdam, N. Y., and take in Toronto, Canada; Miss Mary Connolly will go by water to Boston and Randolph, Vt.; Miss Emma Conaway will visit at Piedmont, W. Va., and Wilbur Copeland goes to Fort Wayne, Ind., and Jackson, Mich.

Ernest E. Emerson, clerk and telegrapher, received a merited increase in his salary of \$20, effective July 1.

Joe Stelle, of the linotype force, met with quite a serious accident on Friday evening, near Florida avenue and Eighth street northeast, in attempting to board a street car, being thrown violently to the ground, sustaining severe bruises and bruising a suit of clothes.

Edward Harlan Webster, son of Comrade O. S. Webster, of the specification division, was graduated from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., winning the Crosby S. Noyes scholarship for highest average in political economy.

William Nelson Brookwell was unanimously chosen chairman of the proof room on Thursday last, making his sixth successive election.

The great record made by Columbia 191's baseball team in the Marquette League this year is due to the excellent work of Captain Jim Elliot, the veteran, putting up a game all season that is something wonderful.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Payne are residing at Twenty-second and Franklin streets, Langdon, D. C.

Dick Porter, one of the oldest pressmen in Washington, and employed in the office for many years, was shaking hands with old friends about the office on Thursday.

Delos Carter, who resigned from the proof room about two years ago to accept a clerkship in the Department of Agriculture, was reinstated in his former position July 1.

Leonard Ball, the gentlemanly and obliging messenger who makes several trips daily between the G. P. O. and the Patent Office, resumed his duties July 1 after a vacation of a month, looking the picture of health.

Readers C. M. Robinson and J. S. Phillips began their annual detail July 1 at the State Department on the Revised Statutes, which will last about two months.

J. Harper McClurg, who left the proof room about six months ago to join the force of the Department of Commerce and Labor, resumed his former position in the proof room on July 1.

The late convention of the International Pressmen's Union, Columbus, Ohio, according to reports received here, was a very strenuous one, occupying eight days in all.

Alterations providing more room for the proof force are under way. The partition fencing off the foreman's office will be removed, and a raised platform for the foreman and his assistants will be constructed in the main room, giving considerable additional floor space for readers or revisers along the North Capitol street front, and doing away with that part of the room where artificial light is constantly necessary.

The night forces in the composing and proof rooms were disbanded yesterday, and will be distributed among the day forces on resuming work next Tuesday morning. By their own desire, they were allowed to wind up with a twelve-hour stretch, beginning at 6 p. m. Friday and closing at 6 a. m. Saturday, that giving them a vacation from Saturday morning until Tuesday at 8 a. m.

A patent recently granted to James H. L. Eager, now a resident of New Jersey City, will recall an old printer who left the office to join the force of the Pension Office a good many years ago.

Clint O. Price did duty as press reviser during the absence of Capt. Dan Chisholm early in the week.

Joe Wilkinson, press division, left last evening for a two weeks' sojourn at Atlantic City.

Rev. William Fontroy has returned to his duties in the press division, after six days' leave of absence.

The Fourth of July celebration at McDevitt's field all day and evening tomorrow will be all that the committee has promised, with two games of baseball and other athletic sports morning and afternoon, and a display of fireworks in the evening, the very best that the Pains Company can furnish; the nation's best songs, rendered by a large and efficient chorus, and music by one of the leading bands of the District. More than twenty valuable prizes will be awarded in the athletic contests, and special efforts will be put forth to make the day enjoyable for the children.

Bartholomew W. Butler has been acting assistant foreman of the proofroom during the absence of Dr. Armstrong.

Down little green roads, such a happy day
Merry sunshine smiling all the clouds away;
Let's forget our work, forget all care
Down little green roads, that we used to know.

Down little green roads, near the hill-side
A broad line of gold thro' the parting pines;
There's a little bridge, across a silver stream
And an old cart standing, oxen for a team.

Down little green roads, away from city fray
Sweet voices calling, "come! come!"
"Let's play," I'm eight years old and you are nine,
Then let's make believe, that its "lovin' time."

Down little green roads under skies of blue
Everything is young again everything is new
Love tells the same sweet story, love is never old,
He will run to meet us, with a crown of gold.

Down little green roads, this bright day of days
No fret of nerves, away from tangled ways
All the trees are happy bearing luscious fruit
With love they're swaying from leaves down to roots.

Down little green roads, comes full tilt
In the woods, in the fields, in the wilderness,
All along the "tow path," roads of grass and moss
And a little mist-fet brook we will have to cross.

Down little green roads, while the morning waits
We'll be happy on the way, open wide
Let's breathe in the joy, nature loves to share
A "common" day, "common" sky, and a "common" air.

Down little green roads, sweet with dreams of youth,
Don't you hear the calling, voices full of truth?
Come, walk a little way thou sweet friend of mine
Let's play that I am eight and that you are nine.

Then if God calls me, and my soul has passed
Down death's dark road, your heart will hold me fast;
I will stand at Heaven's door, as any beggar might,
And I'll sing a love song, all the day and night.

Then some sweet day, treading thro' fruit and street
I will thrill, you will thrill as our glad souls meet
Down little green roads, youth will all come back
We will stand strong and fair, nothing will we lack.

ALICE SHARPE BALCH,
132 Euclid street.

LITTLE GREEN ROADS.

(Written for The Washington Herald.)
Down little green roads, butter cups and grass,
Sweet morning dew where clover breezes pass
Singing in the valley, singing in the land,
Birds and brook mingling in a sweet refrain.

Down little green roads, such a happy day
Merry sunshine smiling all the clouds away;
Let's forget our work, forget all care
Down little green roads, that we used to know.

Down little green roads, near the hill-side
A broad line of gold thro' the parting pines;
There's a little bridge, across a silver stream
And an old cart standing, oxen for a team.

Down little green roads, away from city fray
Sweet voices calling, "come! come!"
"Let's play," I'm eight years old and you are nine,
Then let's make believe, that its "lovin' time."

Down little green roads under skies of blue
Everything is young again everything is new
Love tells the same sweet story, love is never old,
He will run to meet us, with a crown of gold.

Down little green roads, this bright day of days
No fret of nerves, away from tangled ways
All the trees are happy bearing luscious fruit
With love they're swaying from leaves down to roots.

Down little green roads, comes full tilt
In the woods, in the fields, in the wilderness,
All along the "tow path," roads of grass and moss
And a little mist-fet brook we will have to cross.

Down little green roads, while the morning waits
We'll be happy on the way, open wide
Let's breathe in the joy, nature loves to share
A "common" day, "common" sky, and a "common" air.

Down little green roads, sweet with dreams of youth,
Don't you hear the calling, voices full of truth?
Come, walk a little way thou sweet friend of mine
Let's play that I am eight and that you are nine.

Then if God calls me, and my soul has passed
Down death's dark road, your heart will hold me fast;
I will stand at Heaven's door, as any beggar might,
And I'll sing a love song, all the day and night.

Then some sweet day, treading thro' fruit and street
I will thrill, you will thrill as our glad souls meet
Down little green roads, youth will all come back
We will stand strong and fair, nothing will we lack.

ALICE SHARPE BALCH,
132 Euclid street.

THE MODERNIZING OF SPAIN.

A Country with Growing Railroads, but Still Backward Otherwise.

From the American Review of Reviews.
Spain is very, very backward. I should not say decadent, but the Spain of Merimee and Bizet's "Carmen," of Mozart's "Don Juan," of Verdi's "Trovatore," nay, even of Washington Irving and Theophile Gautier, of Ford and George Barrow, has vanished. The country is fairly well supplied with railways, over which trains are run at an average speed of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, with a few expresses at twenty-five. New lines are piercing the Pyrenees, and although the highways in general do not invite the automobilist, yet the days of the stage coach and the tinkling bells of the mule teams and picturesque brigandage and traveling thieving gypsies, with their peculiar dialect, are things of the past.

The Spanish inn has gone, too, with the conditions that sustained it, and most of the leading centers have moderately comfortable hotels. Generally speaking, however, the hotels even at Madrid and Barcelona are far from being up to date. This will be remedied, doubtless, before very long, since the tide of travel seems to be running somewhat toward Spain.

On the other hand, luxuries provided almost everywhere nowadays for the convenience of the globetrotter are absent here, and in no modern country must the traveler depend so much upon himself. Barcelona is making propaganda with a view of attracting foreign visitors, but it appears with no great success.

In the matter of urban development the use of electricity, transportation facilities, the chief cities of Spain are quite on a level with any modern cities of the size, and the cinematograph is as much of a craze here as in the United States. Perhaps there are 3,000 automobiles owned in Spain.

The illiteracy of the country is appalling, about 70 per cent of the population being illiterate. The small size and restricted character of bookstores at Madrid and Barcelona show only too plainly that there is no large reading public to cater to. Newspapers, too, while sufficiently numerous, are poorly printed on cheap paper, as are most bound publications, also, and telegraphic and news services are very meager. Something, though not much, is being done to promote public education.

From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

POPULAR FICTION.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"I'm so glad to see you."
"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"
"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."
"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."
"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."
"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago."
"I shall be delighted to have you call."
"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."
"My attention has been called."

SILENT THUNDERBOLTS.

Curious Facts About Storms—Sources of Terror and Great Damage.
From Pearson's Weekly.
In a general way we understand the theory of thunderstorms. As a matter of fact, there is no phenomenon of nature, not excepting even earthquakes, of which we know so little.

Man-made lightning—that is, electricity of the highest power which we can artificially produce—will act according to certain known laws. It will, for instance, travel along a conductor of metal.

But a flash of lightning will frequently leap from a well-defined metal path and launch itself through the air or some adjacent object which is an infinitely poorer conductor.

This may be due to the almost inconceivable force of a flash of lightning. It is estimated that a flash of lightning a mile long represents a pressure of discharge equal to 3,000,000 volts.

As such a flash lasts only about the thousandth part of a second the energy dissipated by the discharge is equal to 30,000 horsepower. Put it in other words, if we could find some means of saving and using lightning we should be the richer by \$200 for every flash.

Lightning is, as we know, usually accompanied by a peal of thunder, which is louder the nearer the hearer is to the point of the discharge; but this is not an invariable rule. There are cases on record of most destructive lightning flashes which were unaccompanied by sound.

Such a phenomenon occurred at Bradford some years ago. What is described as "a silent thunderbolt" fell in a graveyard, destroying one monument, and smashing to atoms nearly seventy glass cases containing wreaths and flowers.

In the same summer Swancombe, in Kent, was terrified by a freak of lightning. All of a sudden "a great mass of blue fire" swept along the street and next moment it was seen that the fine old parish church built 700 years ago had been struck.

The building with all its fine old carved oak was soon a roaring furnace and only a part of the church was saved.

Scientists are still honestly at sea as to the cause of that peculiar phenomenon known as globe lightning. At Coventry some years ago during a violent thunderstorm it passed along a street like a soap bubble built of blue fire and drifted into a shed, where it exploded, blowing the roof off the place.

At Reims, in France, a similar fireball came into a cobbler's shop through the open window. The solitary occupant of the place sat perfectly still, paralyzed with terror, as the fearful visitant hovered for several seconds overhead. Then it moved toward the fireplace and presently passed up the chimney.

Next moment there was an explosion like a shell bursting and the upper part of the chimney came crashing down. Not long ago Count G. Hamilton made a record of a similar freak of electricity. He was sitting at dinner at a house on Lake Wener, in Sweden, when just after a vivid flash of lightning a brilliant white ball appeared over the table, and after hanging poised for some seconds went off with a loud bang.

Fortunately it did no harm to any one, although it was quite close to several people. Those who saw it suggested it was like a ball of cold lightning.

In November, 1902, Sydney, Australia, was visited by a terrific dust storm, in the midst of which a perfect rain of electric fireballs began to fall. These set fire to a number of houses and a most appalling panic set in. A cry was raised that the end of the world was at hand and people rushed out of their houses into the dark, deep streets.

The most amazing and terrifying displays of the power of lightning are seen on mountaintops. In 1890 a party were on the top of a mountain in the Caucasus when a huge violet ball, surrounded by vivid rays, struck a rock near by and exploding like a bomb, burst it to atoms. One of the party was badly hurt.

Oil on the Waters.

The expression "pouring oil on the waters" is often heard, and it is done by many a captain of a wave-beaten ship. He stitches up three or four bags. These are filled, first with oil and then with oil, which is formed of equal parts of fish oil and kerosene.

Then the bags are tied at the top and pricked all over the sides with a large sail needle, which permits the oil to exude. They are then thrown from the bow, to drip their contents into the raging waters. The effect is almost magical on the water. When the waves strike a patch of oil on the water they subside into a smooth, round swell and the ship rides over them like a cork.